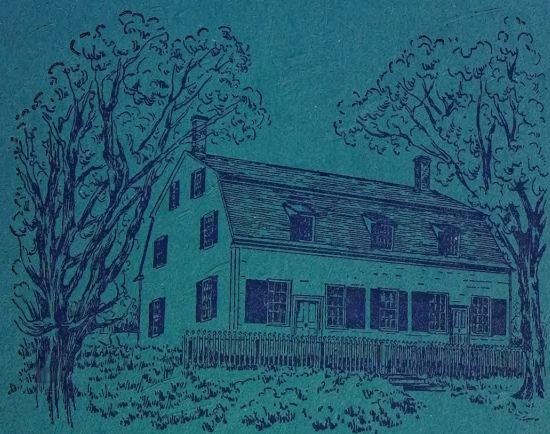


The
Shaker
Quarterly



Fall
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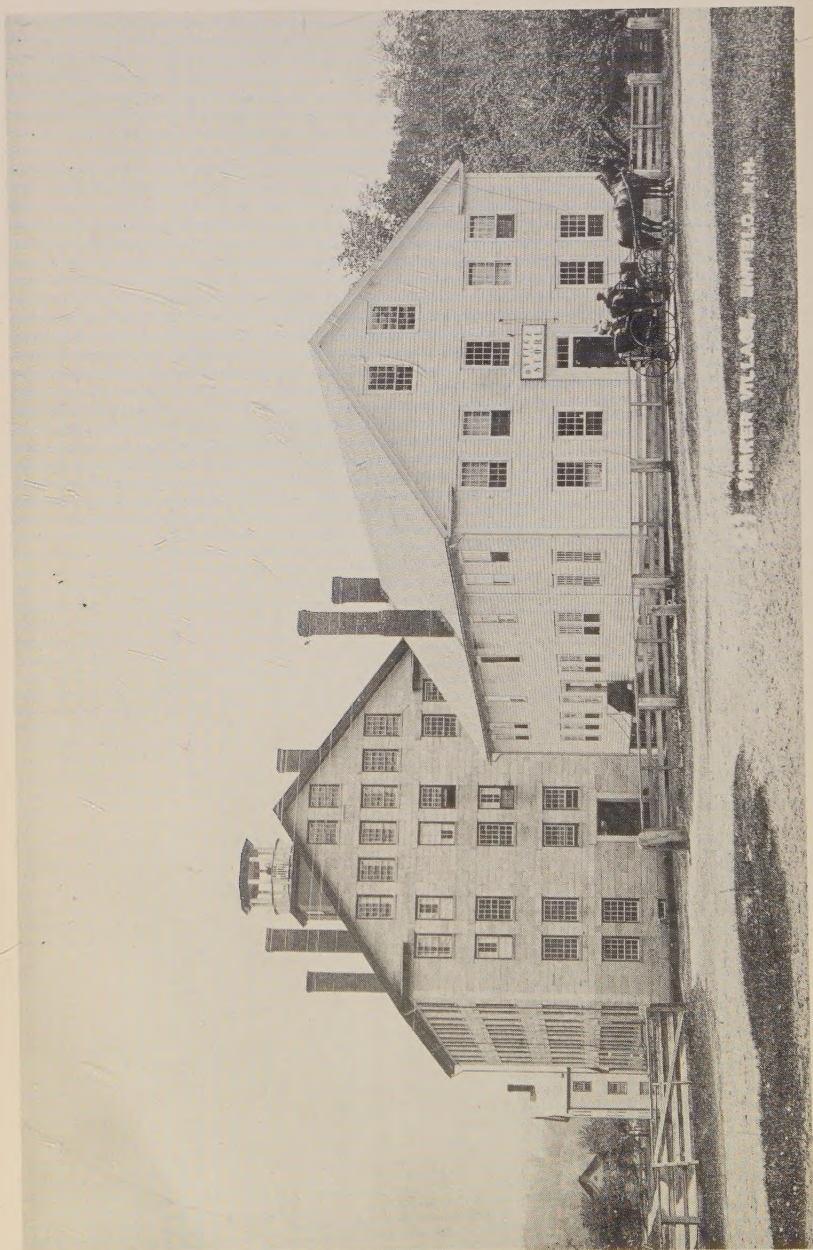
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The Shaker Quarterly

Volume I

Fall 1961

No. 3

ADMIRATION GREW:

THE NEW ENFIELD SHAKERS

The Shakers, or the United Society of Believers as they called themselves, were a part of the life of Enfield, New Hampshire during most of its existence as a town. They had their Enfield beginnings in 1781; and they and their substantial buildings and well-cultivated fields were a familiar part of the Enfield scene until 1918-1923 when the Enfield Community was closed, the Shaker property sold, and the few remaining members taken to Canterbury.

The founders of Shakerism — Mother Ann Lee and her eight followers — had arrived in New York from England in August, 1774. The avowed aim of their religion was spiritual perfection through confession of sins, communal ownership of property, celibacy, and withdrawal from the world. Their numbers began soon to be increased through revival meetings that were being held by the "New Light" Baptists and other discontented church-goers in New York State, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. One of these revivals took place in Boscawen. Ann Lee, hearing of, it sent "two messengers of Christ," Israel Chauncey and Ebenezer Cooley to Enfield and Canterbury in October, 1782. At Enfield James Jewett and Asa Pattee, both ardent "New Lighters", opened their homes to them. And this was the start of the Enfield Society of Shakers.

Facing Page: Office and Central Dwelling, Church Family, Enfield, New Hampshire. Circa 1900.

James Jewett's farm was on what we now call Shaker Hill. He and Asa Pattee were so impressed by the teachings of the Shaker missionaries that they accepted the Shaker faith and began working on their neighbors. Betty Stevens was the first woman to join them; she and her husband Ezekiel and several children became members of the Shaker community. Other early converts were Moses Johnson, Zadock Wright, Nathaniel Barber, and Henry Huse. Their homes became gathering places for like-minded truth-seekers. In 1787 eleven families of professed Shakers came from Weare, Hopkinton, and Warner to join them; and by 1793 all the Enfield Shakers were "gathered in Gospel order" to become the ninth regularly organized Society of the sect. They all signed the covenant of communal ownership and they moved together to the west side of Mascoma Lake where they could erect the kind of buildings they needed for the communal, celibate life they practiced. Each member brought what property he owned into the common holdings, whether land, farm animals, tools, household furnishings or money. And after he had signed the covenant he could not take back his property even if he changed his mind.

First there was only one "family" in the Enfield Shaker Community, then two, and finally three. The word "family" meant the whole group living in one communal dwelling. The Church Family came first in 1793, then the South Family in 1800, then the North Family in 1812. The Church Family was situated between the other two and was the most important since it housed the ruling elders. There were over 200 Shakers in all by 1823.

The Enfield Shakers were wise and fortunate in their situation between the mountain and the lake. They had an almost ready-made water supply from Smith Pond, with good drainage for their fields. The road they built when they first moved to this site became a part of the 4th New Hampshire turnpike in 1805, and, bordered by their land on both sides, gave them compara-

tively easy access to markets in Boston and elsewhere.

But before the Shakers could really get into production as a going concern, they had to have buildings in which to live and work and worship. And in order to use the wood from their big "old-growth" pines, they had to harness their water supply to saw this wood into logs and boards. They damned Smith Pond to hold the water back till they needed it. Then they used it over and over again to turn several mill-wheels on the steep grade of the hill. They made three saw-mills of varying types, a grist mill, a threshing mill, a tan house, a fulling mill, a spin mill, not to mention, later on, a laundry and a churn operated by water power. The system was further elaborated as time went on by the building of a reservoir lower on the mountain-side and the laying of canals for aquaducts to furnish water to various points in the growing Shaker Village below. The first important Shaker building to be put up was the Church, built by Moses Johnson in 1793. (This building was sold some fifty years ago to the brother of the sculptor St. Gaudens and moved away to Cornish.) The second and most spectacular of the more important Shaker buildings was the big granite Dwelling House erected in 1837 under the stewardship of Caleb Dyer, and considered at the time to be the finest building in New Hampshire with the single exception of the State House in Concord. This building is, of course, still standing.

At first agriculture was the chief means of subsistence. The Shakers were such good farmers that their neighbors early distrust of them was changed to envy, then to unwilling admiration. The first crops they raised were hay, wheat, oats, rye, barley, corn, flax, and potatoes.

They set out apple orchards and small fruits. They raised herbs which they sold in Boston. As early as 1805 they started making brooms and brushes which they sold locally and in Boston. Maple syrup was another of their crops. Enfield is credited, too, with be-

ing the first of the Shaker communities to package and sell seeds.

Other farm products for which they were justly famous were in the field of animal husbandry. They always selected the best breeds; and they so improved the quality of their livestock that local farmers began to turn to them "when they wished to tone up their stock or change the strain of blood." In 1841 the Enfield Shakers owned between 1200 and 1500 sheep of mostly Saxon and Merino strain which afforded wool for their own wear and for the renowned Shaker flannels which they were now selling to "the world." The Shakers were at the peak of their prosperity and influence in the middle years of the nineteenth century. In 1844 their numbers had increased to 330.

During these peak years the religious services of the Shakers attracted many of the "world's people" to the Church. According to these visitors, both the Shaker hymns and the Shaker marching (sometimes called dancing) were beautiful and moving. But when the spiritualist revival came among the Shakers, the dancing became more frenzied. For a time the religious services were closed to the "world's people."

This was during the period of Caleb Dyer who expanded the manufacturing of the famous Shaker mills at North Enfield. A bit later, he put up a long sawmill nearby to furnish the long timbers needed by the railroad when that was extended north from Concord. North Enfield, as it was called then, owed a great deal to the Shakers and especially to Caleb Dyer. In fact they considered at one time changing the name to Dyersville. It was wholly due to the Shakers, and Caleb, that the railroad went where it is today instead of through Enfield Center and the Shaker lands, along the 4th New Hampshire turnpike, as originally planned. The Shakers did not want it to disturb their peace by going through their village. They gave the railroad a strip of land which they owned on the other side of the lake, bought shares of railroad stock, and built the

Shaker bridge to gain easy access to the railroad. They were rewarded by being given passes for traveling on the road, and the promise that the train would always stop at Enfield. This promise was kept, even for a long time after the Shakers had left.

All in all the Shakers made a good many contributions to Enfield's economic life. Most of the "world's families" within easy reach of the Shaker community turned to it for garden seeds, tools, baskets and boxes, brooms and brushes, furniture of one kind or another, and farm stock. They knew they could depend absolutely upon the quality of what they bought because nothing was sold until the trustees had guaranteed it. Again, the Shakers always paid their taxes. In 1840 the property evaluation for the whole town was \$339,700. The Shakers' share was about one eighth of the total town taxes. Caleb Dyer paid \$155.36 for the Church Family; Samuel Barker paid \$85.71 for the South Family; and True W. Heath paid \$46.16 for the North Family.

In the 1840's a frenzied interest in spiritualism, swept most of Shakerdom. In unison with other Shaker societies, Enfield developed its "Holy Hill of Zion" where the worshippers could gather for their extremely emotional religious dances away from the prying eyes of "the world." Enfield's Holy Hill was called "Chosen Vale" and was about a mile above the buildings of the Church Family, on the side of Montcalm. It was three quarters of an acre square, made completely level. In the exact center was (and still is) a flat stone slab set there to hold an upright stone with a sacred inscription on it. The Shakers used this site as late as the 1880's. When they abandoned it they removed and buried (or destroyed) the second stone. For by this time the fanatical fire of early years and of the spiritualist revival, had burned itself out. As a result, fewer and fewer converts came seeking admission to the Enfield Community.

But there were certain factors in this period of prosperity that brought about the eventual decline and the final dissolution of the Enfield Community. The chief element in the diminution of Shaker numbers was a too great concern for worldly prosperity and a too close contact with "the world" in business matters. Caleb Dyer was deeply involved in this.. In the beginning, and in the early years, the Shakers had preached and practiced complete separation from the world. But now economic conditions were changing everywhere. Caleb found himself more and more involved with "the world" in business dealings. And when he died, suddenly shot by the drunken father of children the Shakers had cared for while the father was away at war, it was found that Caleb had kept no formal written records of his transactions. The "world's people", with whom he had been dealing and to whom he had lent money, took advantage of the confusion caused by his sudden death to put in a false claim for money they said was owed to them. The Shakers fought this claim through the courts for twenty years. But the case was handled badly, and went against them in the end.. They had to pay \$20,000 instead of receiving it.

Still, although the period of greatest prosperity was ended, the Enfield Shakers were a going concern for a good many more years. In 1874 they were doing a business of \$30,000 in seeds and \$4,000 in distilled valerian, not to mention the famous Shaker cloaks, knitted articles, baskets, pincushions, and various confections, sweet flag, sugared lovage, and maple syrup. As time went on, the town of Enfield which at first had feared and resented the Shakers, came to respect and admire them during their period of greatest prosperity and success. Now, near the end, they accepted them as friends, and even felt affection for them, and a sense of loss when they formally closed their doors in 1918. Earlier, a part of their property, the South Family, had already been sold to a local farmer. Between 1918 and 1923, the few remaining Shakers left Enfield to be-

come a part of the Canterbury Community. There were twelve of them in all — one man, Franklin Young, and eleven women: Mary Ann Joselyn, Ann Cummings, Rosetta Cummings, Elizabeth Estabrook, Myra Green, Mary Darling, Fannie Fallon, Mary Marie Basford, Margaret Appleton, Abigail Appleton, and Flora Appleton. The property, including 1100 acres of land, was sold in 1923 to LaSalette.

An August 22, 1940, Sister Margaret Appleton came from Canterbury to help dedicate the new Shaker Bridge that was replacing the original one destroyed in the hurricane. With a pair of old Shaker shears she cut the ribbon and formally opened the new bridge to traffic. All the speakers, including the Governor, paid tribute to the Shakers as good citizens and good neighbors in the town of Enfield. While they were there they had done their best to be both.

MARGUERITE FELLOWS MELCHER

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF ISSACHAR BATES

With an Introduction by Theodore E. Johnson

Of the many communitarian movements which have throughout its history added vigor to the American church, none has provided the student of church history or of our folkways with a greater mass of documentation than has Shakerism. That a group so productive in both field and shop could have found time to chronicle in such detail both its temporal and spiritual life staggers the imagination. The number of nineteenth century Shaker autobiographies existing in manuscript is very great. Many of these contain little of interest, a few capture and hold our attention with their lively, informal narrative style, but none, perhaps, makes us feel so comfortably at ease as "A Sketch of the Life and Experience of Issachar Bates."

Born in Hingham, Massachusetts, January 29, 1758, Issachar Bates was raised in an orthodox Presbyterian household. Even as a child his mind was exercised with spiritual matters and he seems early to have shared in the eighteenth century New England predilection for theological debate. Although in the seventy-fifth year of his age when he set down the account of his life, he makes us feel that his words are those of one young in spirit. He gives us a refreshingly personal view of the Revolution. One is continually amazed at how closely his account follows historical fact as we know it. The accuracy of his memory for names and dates leads one to believe that the author must have relied upon a number of personal diaries in forming his narrative.

It is during the Revolution that an indelible impression is made upon Issachar's soul in the little town of Petersham, Massachusetts. There, while still in his early twenties, he meets and hears for the first time Mother Ann Lee and the Elders with her. The preach-

ing of Father James Whittaker and the beautiful singing of Believers moved him deeply. As he himself says, however, he "hated conviction" and the seed planted in Petersham was to lie buried for nearly twenty years before coming to the full light of that Gospel which Mother Ann had opened in New England.

We read with interest the account of his marriage and the birth of his children, two of whom were to serve the Shakers in positions of honor and trust. Issachar, Junior was for many years an elder in the society at Watervliet and Betsy served in the Elders' Order at Mount Lebanon before being called to the Ministry's lot. The student of Shakerism will find, of course, the greatest interest in that part of the narrative dealing with Issachar's life following his conversion in August, 1801. His missionary labors with Elders John Meacham and Benjamin Youngs in the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky are told with particular vividness as are his experiences in the eldership at Watervliet, Ohio where he served until March 26, 1832. It is in the ensuing retirement that Elder Issachar found time to pen his autobiography at Watervliet. In 1834 he moved at the request of the Ministry to Mount Lebanon where he died at the age of seventy-nine, March 19, 1837.

It is less than fifty years after his death that interest was first evinced in Elder Issachar's little manuscript. Elder Henry C. Blinn, of Canterbury, whose passionate desire to record and preserve Shaker history was equalled by none of his contemporaries save Maine's Otis Sawyer, began to publish an account of Issachar's life based on the "Sketch" in "The Manifesto" for August, 1884. The serialization continued through eight consecutive issues, ending in March, 1885. More recently, in February 1960, John S. Williams of Old Chatham, New York, the president of The Shaker Museum Foundations, Inc., published a portion of the manuscript "Sketch" with a brief foreword.

The "Sketch" like many Shaker manuscripts was much copied if we may judge from the number of copies of it extant today. As all manuscripts will it suffered at the hands of copyists and consequently exists in a number of variant forms. The text which appears below is that of a copy in the Shaker Library, Sabbathday Lake, Maine. Those familiar with Mr. Williams printed text will find a number of minor variations in that from Sabbathday Lake. It is difficult to speak with certainty of the text used by Elder Henry for he has made changes in spelling and punctuation and attempted to polish the form of his original. It would seem, however, that despite the changes we may still discern a manuscript tradition differing both from the Old Chatham and Sabbathday Lake texts, although following the former more closely.

Bound in contemporary calf the Sabbathday Lake manuscript measures twenty by fourteen centimeters. The text occupies the first one hundred five of its two hundred twenty-four pages, the remainder being blank. The provenance of the manuscript is uncertain, but the paper and hand would seem to indicate that it was copied in one of the Maine societies in the late 1840's. The spelling and punctuation of the original have been scrupulously observed in the text which follows. The numerals in parentheses refer to the page of the original.

I.

(1) I was born in the town of Hingham, in the county of Suffolk, State of Massachusetts, on the Atlantic shore, 14 miles South East from the City of Boston, on the 29th day of January, A.D. 1758.

When I was about three years old, my Father, (William Bates) and my mother, (who was Mercy Jay) moved with their little family into the country, to the town of Sherburn, where we lived about Nine years. This was in the county of Middlesex, about 24 miles West of Boston.

I shall now make some remarks, how my little mind was exercised in those days. (2) Altho I was a mischevous boy, yet I thought much about God — believed in Him; Yea, and I thought right too — for I believed that God was all holy, righteous and good; and that I must be so too, or never see his face in peace. This is what I believe now, and not withstanding, all the disputed doctrines that have been afloat from that day to the present, nothing has ever removed that little simple faith out of my soul.

Altho my parents were Presbyterians, and taught me all the good things they knew of — such as little praises, cradle hymns, Catechisms, prayers, creeds, etc. — to all of which I attended, regular; and was obliged to keep the Sabbath very strict. — Yet after all this I was afraid that God would come upon me some day in judgment — because I was not good. —

This caused me to watch the heavens above, and the earth beneath, for signs and wonders — for I could read some, and hear my parents read — that God would “show wonders in heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath.” And when I was about Eleven years of age, these (3) frightful signs began to appear — a few years before the revolutionary war, and the opening of the gospel in New England, many of these wonders were seen, — a few of which I shall notice — as I was an eyewitness.

The first of these signs had the appearance of what is called “Northern Lights.” Night after night, for weeks, these lights were flashing, from East to West — till at length, one night they spread over the whole horizon, and the whole heavens appeared to me like a flaming Brushheap. No sleep that night for it lasted all night.

The next was a blazing Comet, which could be seen every clear night for weeks — the tail of it appeared to be about a rod long — it was bell muzzled, in perfect shape of a trumpet. Some nights it would look as red as blood at other times more pale.

About this time my Father moved his family to Southbury or (SouthBurg) about 12 miles from Shurburne. here we saw and felt, a number of frightful signs. We lived in a large house, with a beautiful dooryard. One Sabbath, evening, a little before Sunset, (4) my father & mother, took their chairs and sat in the green yard. It being a beautiful clear pleasant evening, we children went out also, and regaled ourselves on the green. — I happened to look up, and called on them to see what was in the air! — it was a black vane about the size of a common Stove pipe, it appeared to be about 5 rods long and crooked like a black Snake, and in the same shape, tapering at both ends. It began to draw up like a horse leech, till into a round ball about the size of an 18 inch bombshell and then exploded! and the fire blew in every direction! and the report was as loud as any Cannon I ever heard, only not so sharp. In one moment the sky was as red as blood! O how doleful was the colour of that green grass and how awful we felt! we all thought it was the day of judgment.

About this time there was a man by the name of Green, who had been confined to his bed for 7 years, and not able to lift his hand to his head. This man had a vision; it was shown him what would shortly come (5) to pass — It was printed in a pamphlet and we had it. I can remember so much of the contents as this: he saw two Angels descend from heaven, they came down and stood each on a separte font — and one cried to the other, with a loud voice — saying; Watchman! what of the night? What of the night? who answered; Midnight! Midnight! and cried aloud to the other, What of the times? what of the times? who answered; Doleful times! for the judgments of God shall begin in Old England; and shall spread into New England — and there shall be wars and great calamities — and darkness shall cover the whole face of the land &c." —

Soon after this, two men were watching with a sick person, in the night time, — One of them had occasion to go out and as he opened the door, he called to the other and they both stood and heard the 7th Chapter of Ezekiel read in the air — the whole chapter through, of which this is a part; “An end is come — the end is come — it watcheth for thee — behold it is come &c.” — (6) These things created dolefull feelings in these parts for a while. But there was one Harvy, a Deist, who often came to our house — He would read these pamphlets, and make derision of them. This took off part of the sharp edge of my horror. — But still, I kept a sharp lookout.

About the year 1771 my Father mooved his family into the new County, about 40 miles into Worcester County — for this (county was very large) where we soon found what it was to fare hard. Nothing new worth nameing took place for about 2 years — only, the family being large, we had to work hard for our living. —

Our family consisted, at this time, of my Father & Mother, and eleven children—viz. Mercy, Noah, Hannah, Issachar, Sarah, Theodore, Olive, Molly, Dolly, Caleb, & William. — Some of the time I lived at home with my Father & sometimes hired out. In the mean time, was fomenting & began to commence the Revolutionary War. (7) About the first of May 1773 — General Gage landed his Army at Boston. Now war was all the topic of conversation — Every man that was able to lift an old rusty musket, and every boy that was big enough to carry a little wooden gun were all learning war! — Perhaps $\frac{1}{4}$ of the time was spent in learning Norfolk marshall exercise. For my part I got me a Fife and learned to play very well. Minute men turned out to be in readiness, — and I turned out to fife for them. Every preperation was made for war.

Here I shall mention two more signs that appeared. A few days before the alarm, a number of us were out on a hill, called (Mount Arrarat.) We saw two black

clouds rise One from the North and the other from the South. They met in the west within a short distance of each other & there stood like two armies, and fired at each other as regular as in any pitched battle: At the same time thunder & lightning the most dreadful, for about 20 minutes, and then all (8) vanished out of sight. Next I will mention about the strange flock of birds. —

The day of the battle of Lexington, a wonderful flock of birds flew over us — they were not to be numbered. no one, to my knowledge, has ever pretended that they ever saw that kind of birds before or since — they were seen by thousands, and flew 60 miles on a straight course to Lexington where they disappeared. They in as good order as any band of Soldiers ever marched & in profound silence. they resembled a kind of hawk the most of any kind of bird. They all stopped at templeton pond a small lake about 60 miles West by North from Boston and drank and then went on. The next day the alarm came for the battle at Lexington and the men appeared about as numerous in the roads, as the birds were in the air. —

Now I shall digress a little, and leave the track I have been persueing, & show the reason why I have been so particular in describing those Signs & Wonders which I have seen before I enter on my journey into the (9) Revolutionary War.

Firstly. I am now in the 75th year of my age. I was but a boy in those days—so that I may justly suppose that the greater part of those that were eye witnesses of these things which took place in New England, are gone the way of all the earth, and perhaps have left no account of those wonders behind them. —

Secondly. I am so well acquainted with the spirit of man that I am forced to be jealous over him, that even those who still survive, have so little feeling to acquaint themselves with God and his wonderful works, that they either thought light of them at the time, or thro negligence let the whole matter fly off with time

from their minds, into forgetfulness & oblivion, so as to be forever hid from the knowledge of future ages.

Thirdly. Because my soul has been greived, to see the goodness of God (which leads to repentance) not only treated with neglect, but with ridicule! For in all ages, God, in his (10) condescending goodness, whenever he was about to built up & bless a people, he gave them previous signs of his intentions, that the wise might be encouraged thereby: And whenever he was about to bring destruction upon any people, he gave them warning beforehand, by signs and wonders, that the wise might be prepared to meet the event.— But in these latter times, if God is to show any wonders in heaven above, or signs in the earth beneath, — the next news you will hear of the matter, is, some puffed up Star gazer, has hoisted his Telescope and reached as far into the heavens as he was able, down he comes with the pleasing news, that he can account for all from natural causes; & the multitude mock you, if you presume to contradict his divination. —

Now I shall return from my digression, and persue the bloody track of war — not with pleasure to my spirit, but at the request of my friends. —

When the minute men (before mentioned) started for Boston, I started with them. — But my father took me back — and this was a great (11) grief to me. — However, in about two weeks he consented to let me enlist, which I did, Capt. Dexter, being then 17 years & 3 months of age. — not old enough to pass muster in the ranks — but could pass as a fifer; and I continued as a fifer, and fife major, through the war.

It was about the 1st of May 1775, when we took our march for old Cambridge, where the main army were collected. We being an independant company of Rangers, were stationed at the edge of the marsh, in open view of Boston — and the old Somerset, a 70 gun ship, was lying in the bay between us and Boston & often saluting us with her metal. —

Here I found I had got into a fix, that I had no need to look for signs — for I began to partake of the substance. Nothing now remained for me, but to shut my eyes, & harden my heart, and to enter freely into that school of vice, in which, alas! I was not slow to learn. — And until we got well hardened, this old Somerset, troubled us very much with her repeated firing at us during the summer — for we kept this post all summer.

(12) Our annoyance from the Summerset, became after a while, matter of mere sport — for we would dig the balls out of the ground, & take them in wheel barrows to the College, and old Gene. Putnam would pay us for them in Rum, by the gallon. —

Thus times went on very well, till the 17th of June, when the Battle was fought at Bunker Hill. On that day we were ordered to take post at the foot of the hill, by Mystic River, between Charlston and Boston bay — & there to stand openly exposed to the Somerset, the Glasgow frigate, (a most furious instrument of war) and three floating batteries. — And we had to take a full share of their Pot metal — of canon balls, grape, & canister shot. — We stood where we could see all the movements of the army, and the battle on the hill: — And here I saw the fulfillment of the battle between the two clouds for it literally appeared like the same thing. —

But all the horrors of this day (June 17th 1775) did not look so doleful as that of the night. For after the hill was given up, and our army (13) had retreated, just as dark commenced, the British began to burn Charleston. And Oh; the horrible sight, to stand, & behold the hot balls, carcasses, and stink pots, flaming through the air, for the distance of more than a mile — & in less than half an hour, that beautiful town, all in flames! The smoke & the flames blaze brightened the face of the whole heavens, as far as we could see. And here I saw the literal fulfillment of the flaming heavens of which I saw the sign, before mentioned.

At the close of this battle, our army retired from Bunker Hill to Prospect Hill, about 3 quarters of a mile distant, and there began to fortify: And the British began immediately to bombard, & cannonade with all their powers to prevent the progress of this new fortification, and kept it up for about 3 weeks, even untill the fort was finished & completed, & then quit. I was part of the time at these scenes; and could see them great nasty porridge pots, flying through the air, and crammed as full of devils as they could hold — come whispering along with its blue tail in the day time, and its (14) fiery tail by night — and if it burst in the air, it would throw its hellish stuff all about one's ears — and if it fell on the ground, it would hop round, just as tho the very devil was in it, till it bursted — and then look out for shins and all above. —

Now to view those wicked inventions of men to shed blood, & bring destruction upon their fellow creatures; it is no wonder I was favored with the sight of those signs & wonders which I saw in the heavens while my mind was young & tender — that after I had hardened my heart & gone through the literal fulfillment of those things I should know how to hate them.

Now after the fort at Prospect hill — fort Patterson — & one at Roxbury, and a number of other small forts were finished: there were no more battles that season, except some little skirmishes.

But in the spring of 1776, a large body of troops marched to Dorchester — I was there with Capt. Bouker — every plan was then contrived to drive Lord How out (15) of Boston: — and to get both sides of him was the object & preparation was made accordingly — thus, in the month of march one wednesday night about nine oclock we took our march over Dorchester neck onto Dorchester Hill, with 150 carts loaded with frames of forts & fasheens (bundles of brush.) — We planted three forts on the hill that night; & as the day began to break, left the hill for the British to fire at. —

The next night went on again, & did likewise, the next morning only we left a smal guard — The next night we went on & kept the Hill — the next day which was Saturday, they did their best with their cannon from every battery, fired all night & killed but four men. On sabbath morning about 10 oclock hoisted 150 Sail vessels in our sight & cleared out — & on monday, we marched into Boston & took posession of what they had left, which was of no great value — Mortars, a number of starved horses — also, a number of cannon which were all spiked. — The meeting houses were gutted — the insides torn of them to the ground, in order that they might (16) train their light horse in them — We went to work — regulated the fortifications, & turned them all to our own advantage. We then marched to New York where we had another view of his Excellency General How; with his great fleet in sight again, & his red coats on Staaton Island — Here I was in Capt. Gate's company — in what was called the flying camp.

Now to make a long story short — the first attact that the British made was on long Island; which they took by the sacrafice of much blood — this laid the City of New York very much exposed; yet every exertion was made to defend & keep it — but when this was found to be impossible, the next plan was, to clear the City of its treasures — particularly the continental stores, which was completely done, out of sight of the British — General Washington having ordered a large number of battous to be made and put into the North River — these were kept diligently running every night for two weeks from the City to Kings Bridge. (17)

At this time, nothing remained in the City of Continental stores, except about 50 cords wood: which was in the upper part of the City, on what was called the holy ground — (a large common encircled with poor wash women and also some base women —) — General Washington ordered a herald to mount the

fence & proclaim to the poor, that they might have that wood — & here was a sight worth looking at — for in about 15 minutes that wood was in as many divisions as there were persons, which you must know were not a few.

Now General Fellows brigade to which I belonged, was at this time stationed in barrocks 3 miles above the City. — In the latter part of August, one friday morning the guards were drawn out as usual and sent on to the City — it was my turn to fife them on & stay with them — all expecting to be relieved in 24 hours — no victuals came that day — Saturday the same—no releif no victuals—and on Sabbath morning 8 British ships hoisted sail & came on — five up the East, and 3 up the North River — the 3 which came up the North River, each gave (18) us a broad side as they passed the Brewry Guard where we were — we gave them back the best we had — 2 18 pounders which we planted well. In about 2 hours the earth shook terribly; & whether it was thunder, or an earthquake I could not for a while decide, but the mystery began to open why we had not been relieved — The army had been there two days preparing for a retreat, & this morning had started; & the British were pouring in the metal upon them on both sides of the Island to cut off their retreat; but they missed their aim altogether — yet the guards were completely cut off; for the British had landed an army on the Island who were marching down to take possession of the City, and we had it — but by some means General Putnam rushed through, & came & dismissed all the guards (about 400 men) & told us to clear ourselves any way we could — Upon which I took my little drummer who was about 14 years old, & we started up the north River — some swam the River & we scattered in every (19) direction. — I might here describe the distresses of that hot & troublesome day; but I shall leave it all on the ground, & say no more than this — we started our way among the cliffs & brambles nine miles & es-

caped. — The next day (which was Monday), we found our company on Harlam Heights; & in about 2 hours after we arrived, the British came upon us & we had a heavy battle — but we drove them and kept the ground, losing a number of our men.

We stayed but a few weeks in this place, till we moved back into the country; & it is out of my power to tell the various moves we made, before we made a stand; for it was General Washingtons policy, to keep the stores and baggage always ahead — on which account we were rightly named the flying Camps; for we scarcely ever stayed more than 3 days in one place, till having our stores removed, we would march in the night & come up with them — then stay & guard them till they were again moved on ahead — But at White Plains, the British came upon (20) us, stores & all — and there we had to fight — and a sore battle it was. — But we kept the ground, & defended it 3 days, long enough to get our stores out of their reach; altho we lost a number of men.

Thus we kept on with the marches till we got to Croton Bridge, up the Hudson, near the Tappan Bay, about 40 miles from New York, & there on the hill we made a permanent stand. —

Now according to the arts in war, this prudent retreat is worth notice. Here were all our stores and baggage, covering more than an acre of ground — Hundreds of hogsheads & barrels of liquors, of all kinds Rum, Brandy, Wine — Sugar, Molasses, Pork, Flour &c. &c. — all brought out of the City of New York — and the whole underwent not less than 20 removals, with the British at our heels all the time which was for a number of weeks — & yet I do not suppose that in all that time they ever got from us of these stores a single dollars worth. —

(21) Here I stayed till late in the fall — and my time being out I was discharged, & went home with a number of others.

I stayed at home but a short time, when I enlisted

under Capt Warner, & went to the Jerseys, at the time of the battles of Princeton, & Trenton, in the year 1777. But the battles were fought just before we arrived — & Genl. Washington had taken 900 Hessians at Trenton, and defeated the British at Princeton, & they had retired to Brunswick.

We were then stationed at Bound Brook, where we built a fort, called Fort Staats. Here we had a number of skirmishes with the British & Hessians: But no pitched battles. — They came out one day & paraded in the same order — horse in front — face to face — and there they stood, for near an hour looking each other in the face. —

At length our right wing let off two field pieces, & a heavy flank shot with rifles — & they soon sounded the French horn of retreat, & went back to Brunswick, while they had four times the number that we had! And glad were (22) we to come off so.

Now my 3 months were out— & I went home — and in a few days, I enlisted under Capt. Stockwell, and went to Bennington, Vermont. From there I went with Genl. Linkhorn to Halfmoon (now Waterford) at the junction of the Mohawk with the No River.

But in a short time we were sent for, and returned with all speed to assist in the Battle of Maloomscook. But we were one day too late — for the battle was fought — & Genl. Starks had taken 500 Hessians, 60 British regulars, & 37 tories: These were all put into the Bennington meetinghouse. The tories were soon taken out, & yoked together with ropes round their necks; and drove off to North Hampton jail — but the rest were guarded till they were removed, sometime afterwards.

Our next was to Saratoga, to help take care of the rest of Bugoinés army — for being defeated at Stillwater, was making his way back to Canada. 3 regiments of us were ordered to march with all speed up the North River, and take possession of Fort Edward, (23) to cut off his retreat. (About 15 miles). This we

accomplished — we kept the fort; and kept out scouting parties in the pine woods to prevent any one from escaping. —

In three days we received orders from Genl. Gates to return as soon as possible, for “Burgoine had capitulated.” And we soon took a lively step, you may be sure — and my fife seemed to have an uncommon joyful sound. —

On our arrival, here were 5700 of our enemies soon marched off the ground, under guard, to old Rutland, on their way to Canada, from whence they came. We took their grain and their arms into our possession. Our regiments were soon discharged on the ground, and went home; & I with the rest — for there were no more enimies in these parts, to conquer.

After I got home I began to grow sick of a soldiers life, and got in the notion of marrying — tho I first went another short tour to old Rutland to help guard the prisoners.

(24) Now about my marriage
 and the change in the course of
 my life

In the month of May 1778 I was married to Lovina Maynard, daughter of Barzelael Maynard, of the town of Garry, in which I lived. By her I had Eleven children. The first was still born. The second lived but a few minutes. The other nine, were what is called proper children; namely: Lovina, Artemas, Oliver, Nahum, Polly, Issachar, Sarah, William, and Betsy. —

After I was married I bought a small farm, and went to work. But I could not get rich fast enough at that. — And went to speculating, in goods, horses, cattle, sheep, hogs; & every thing else that a fool could think of or take a notion to.

Then in the year 1780, there was a call for men to go to West Point for 3 months; & the young would turn out, if I would go. The committee also offered me a great price. — And I turned out, with about 25 fine young men of our town, for West Point and there serv-

ed out (25) our time. And altho Benedict Arnold had sold us all to the British, yet the bargain was dissannulled, and we all returned home safe. And here the war ended with me!

And now whoever may read this little history of my experience in the war, may have some ruminations in their minds about what kind of a soldier I was, and what sort of a character I supported?

Well I will candidly tell you; & then you will only have my word for it. It cannot consist of greatness or goodness. But this I can say in good conscience, that I always did my duty through the war, like a man, — altho I was only a beardless boy. — But I was a very merry lively boy. I never had a wry word spoken to me from an officer, & very few from a soldier, through the war. — And I had a kind of wit, that would draw the attention of every class from the Clergyman down to the ruffain.

For I could sing nearly every song that was going, whether civil, military, sacred, or profane. And I could mimic almost anything that moved. And I could make as much (26) music on the fife as any one. —

And this was not all — I was as generous as the day with my messmates. For I would stand their watch hours, to ease them, and often take their place in going out on scouts, & in fatigue, while my only calling was, to blow the fife. And what of it all? — I can now say with Solomon, This also is vanity.

Now to return. Soon after my return from West Point, my mind was once again troubled with the phenomenon (once before mentioned — The literal fulfillment of Green's vision. — This "dark day" all over New England. This baffled all human skill — for it was given up by great & small, that there were neither clouds nor smoke in the atmosphere — Yet the sun did not appear all that day. — And that day was as dark as night — no work could be done in any house, without a candle! and the night following was as dark accordingly, altho there was a well grown Moon.

I was going to one of the neighbors, in company with a young man — & as we passed several houses, the people were out wringing (27) their hands, and howling, "the day of judgment is come!" — This made the young man look pale — I made as light of it as I could — but it felt awful. Here was Green's vision literally fulfilled — for darkness covered the whole face of the land of New England! —

And what next! — Right on the back of this — On came the Shakers! and that made it darker yet — for they came forth to fulfill the VII chapt of Ezekiel that was read in the open air—Yea! and I am witness that they did fulfill it; and that, in the open air: for they testified, that an end was come on them; and proved it, by their life of separation from the course of this world; and by the wicked persecutions they endured, from this adulterous generation.

Now such confusion of body & mind, I had never witnessed before. — On the part of the Shakers, it was singing, dancing, shouting, shaking, speaking with tongues, turning, preaching, prophesying, & warning the world to confess their sins & turn to God; for his wrath was coming upon them. —

All this was right in the neighborhood, where (28) I lived: and on the other part it was cursing, blaspheming, mocking, railing lying threatening, stoning, beating with clubs & sticks, & firing pistols.

Now when I saw all this, I was convinced, it was the work of God among these Shakers; but I was not ready yet; for I had married a wife, & therefore I could not come. — But I thank my God who has spared me to this present time, & who has ever kept my hands from persecuting his blessed people: — And that he suffered me, when a wicked man; to stand on the earth & be a witness of his marvelous works — Oh! thou Infidel! — Oh! thou Deist! — Oh! thou Skeptick! — Oh! thou nothing! — what will become of you, who believe in nothing, but the works of your own hands? — How long! O Lord how long!

Now, after these Shakers were gone out of my sight, & gathered to Harvard, New Lebanon, & other places; Then I made a start to make the world my own. — spared no pains by hard work, & speculating in every thing that was lawful, (& some more) (29) to make gain and get rich; but, I will forever thank God, he blasted the whole of it. —

Being unacquainted with the tricks of trading men, I verily thought that whatever a man promised to do; that, at any rate he intended to do: (for I knew that I did) but I found to my sorrow that it were not so; for the fraudelent tricks of trading men, I lost as fast as I gained; so I found that this trading industry, would not answer my purpose. — Then I took a quantity of store goods; which I had taken, in payment for shipping horses; and started for Kennebec River; State of Maine, 100 miles up the river, at the old French & Indian settlement called Norridgewalk. I purchased 200 Acres of land, & paid for it all down got a good deed put in a crop, & returned home 300 Miles; — expecting to move my little family in the fall: but my wife was so opposed to the move; that I swapped it with a man in good standing for 50 acres of good land nigh by. I made him a deed to the land at Norridgewalk; & he sold it soon. He had to finish the last payment on the 50 acres, before I could get a deed. — I had great (30) confidence in the man; but the next I knew of the matter, he had slipped off between two days and I never got one cent for my land, from that day to this.

This with other misfortunes, left me about 150 dollars worse than nothing. — And when I was about 28 years of age, I moved away my family into the State of N.Y. into the woods, & went to work with my strength, & made a living for my family: and my creditors being patient with me; I paid them all honestly; and made a comfortable living. And altho I have to say it myself: I know that I was always esteemed & promoted by my neighbors; more than I felt myself worthy; yet, I had many serious thoughts more than any one would judge

I had, from my common deportment; for I was what is called in the world, a clever, jolly, honest fellow. But it did not always feel so to me, but it felt to me; that I was so highly esteemed by the world, that God was determined to chase me out of the world; for I was very full of serious thought, but always (31) hated conviction. — It plagued me at night, hindered me from sleep; and by fighting hard against it; I could generally wear it off, for 5 or 6 weeks at a time. —

But when I was about 37 years of age one morning as I opened the door to go out to my work; I cast my eyes back on my children; (which were then 7 in number) — An awful feeling struck my mind — what will become of them children — Ah what will become of me? for I had often made use of the same vile language before them, which I learned in the army. I was then determined, to begin to mend my life; so, I went to my work moveing some large logs; one of them acted very ugly, as I thought, & I broke out in my usual manner — damn the thing — Here I was all alone Nobody to hear me but God — O! the horror! — It is all in vain for me to think of being better — I went behind the fence and fell on my knees — I prayer, & cried — I begged for Almighty power, to help me to govern my tongue, if no more; for I had tried till I was beat. But I soon found (32) that it must go deeper than my tongue — The disease was in my heart, and that had to be broken up from the foundation, and now, if I were to describe, the particulars of my distress, for about 6 weeks; while this heart-breaking work was going on; it would stain a number of sheets of paper. But assured I set about the work in good earnest which work was to do nothing I knew to be wrong; & cry to God every breath, to pour in convicting power into my heart; till it burst asunder like the marsh mud befor a Cannon ball: — This was my prayer then. —

I did not think of mercy — I did not ask for mercy — I plead for judgment, & torment, to be poured out on me: till I were broken to pieces I did not look to Jesus

Christ for I had another matter to settle — I had lived all the days of my life, transgressing God's holy law, and God & his law, just alike — I had a clear view of God: — that he were all fitness; and I were just the reverse: — And I could see no reason nor justice, in asking for mercy. But I settled it steadfastly in my mind; that in hell; I would serve God forever: for his fitness, his justice, & his goodness; & this, (33) was all the relief I could find: & a poor relief it was. But, it was not comfort and joy I was seeking. — Nay it was to come to an honest settlement with God, if possible. — I was perfectly willing, he should take away my life, & all that I had, if I that would make an atonement; for I abhorred myself to that degree; it seemed to me, that God wanted nothing to do with me: and whenever the tears ceased to flow freely; I was in keen despair — Oh! wicked heart! — The words of the poet suited me well — “My thoughts on awful subjects roll; Damnation and the dead: what horrors! seize a guilty soul! Upon a dying bed.”

But I had it, upon a burning bed — O hell! I have been in your bowells! — I went to every meeting I could hear of, but nothing there for me. — I kept my mind to myself, and did not open it to any mortal, & I am glad I did so: for if preachers had found out my state, they would ruined me as they have ruined the most of mankind — to beating them off from what they call the law work, & tell them to look to Jesus: And so, they never are convicted of sin. But I wanted the whole matter settled — that God would make something or nothing of me.

(34) One day, as I was in deep distress; a voice spoke to me, in these words: — will you be as willing, to go and lead mankind, into the way of righteousness; as you have been, to lead them into vanity — I answered out loud — Yea Lord! I will go to France! — This created a little hope in me; that some invisible being noticed me. — I had then been 5 or 6 week, in such trouble; that it had created a sore lump in my breast. —

It felt to me like a 3 pound cannon ball, and I did not care if it killed me. — I then concluded; I would go the next saturday to a baptist preparitory meeting. — Accordingly, I went and sat in a pew, & heard them all open their minds. And while they were telling what sinners they were; I concluded I could tell that story in truth: But I did not suppose they meant as they said. —

After they had all got through; the way was opened, for any one to be free who had any thing on their minds. — A young woman in the pew urged me to rise and speak; which I did; but had not one thought of joining. — After I had related my troubles; the church were called on, to give their voice — They cried out; It is canaans (35) language. I knew not what that meant. — Then all that were satisfied, were called on to rise — They all rose but two; & who they said, the reason for their not rising, was; they wanted to ask me a few questions. — Q. Have you at any time, felt a change in your heart? — A. Nay — Q. Have you at no time felt a little more released, than at others? A. I got up one night in great trouble; and the Bible and read about Davids troubles: & it was some releasement to me, to find; that there had been a man, who had been in trouble as well as me — They all cried out That is enough — we are satisfied — And then began to urge me to go forward into the water. —

I told them I had no such intention; then they began to warn me. — Job Picket among the rest, warned me not to delay: for he did so: & had to go 7 years into Captivity, among the Shakers, for his disobedience. — They read their covemant & I approved of it, and their articles of faith; but 3 of them I rejected — viz. Their kind of Election; perseverance; & original sin being damning to every creature: But they said, no matter he will soon see into it: But I told them, I felt very far from being a Christian; and I should wait till I were better satisfied. —

(To Be Continued)

NEWS AND NOTES

A belated thank-you is due Mr. Alexander Mintz, President of the Shaker Savings Association, Shaker Heights, Ohio who recently financed the reprinting of THE SHAKER HYMNAL of 1908. A most beautiful book it is — a perfect reproduction of the original with the addition of a very attractive dust jacket of "Shaker blue." Mr. Mintz has presented the hymnals as gifts to the two Shaker societies as well as to various libraries, churches, and educational institutions.

Mr. Mintz has long been an ardent admirer of all things Shaker, and is well known for his personal contributions to all Shaker projects in his community. The beautiful Shaker murals which adorn the walls of several Shaker Savings offices were his inspiration as were the efforts at advertising "Shaker" services at Shaker Savings.

He gives the Shakers much to live up to.

Home Notes from Canterbury, N. H.

October 15th. What a wonderful season we have enjoyed! Weather-wise we have had temperatures in the 80's. However, true to New England tradition, the mercury dropped to the freezing point within twenty-four hours, after a day and night of steady rain. Now, the first snow is falling. The venerable old maples are still green, with only a patch of color, and a peach or two, even at this date, clings fast, as if loathe to leave the kindly branches.

After four busy months we have entered upon our "Closed Season." Since June 1st, when we officially opened our home to tourists, 3,275 visitors have been entertained here.. Some were merely curious, while others seemed sincerely interested in Shaker ideals, and desirous of learning more of our Christian way of life.

The Seminars, enjoyed by many in 1960, were repeated in September and October with great success.

While our audiences were not as large as we had expected, still many new friends were impressed with the interesting subjects presented. In order to give the knowledge contained in the Seminars a wider distribution they will be printed in pamphlet form in the near future.

Our Main Dwelling House has been newly painted with three coats of lustrous white paint.. New window sashes have replaced some made in 1793. These and other needed repairs have made this old house of fifty-six rooms safer, for a while, from the ravages of time. The Dwelling House was last painted in 1909.

Steps have already been taken to save both our century-old maples and our Norway spruce, planted in 1823, which was struck by lightning several years ago. The replenishing of our Gift Shop will constitute our winter's task.

An interesting event of the fall season will be a display of Shaker antiques at the Carpenter Motel in Manchester, November 7-9. These articles of Shaker craftsmanship have been loaned from the Shaker Museum by Mr. Charles Thompson.

SR. BERTHA LINDSAY, CORRESPONDENT

Home Notes from Sabbathday Lake, Maine

Autumn's golden days were with us a bit later this year as Fall took its time in arriving at Shaker Village. The fine weather encouraged many motorists, however, to drive out to Shaker Gift Shop which remains open officially around the year. The business brought about in this way somewhat compensated for a very slow summer season.

The repairing of the foundation of the old Meeting House, scheduled for October, has been postponed until the first week of May, 1962, upon the recommendation of the contractor who is to do the work. The threat of freezing weather made the fall less desirable than the spring for the moving and righting of the foundation stones.

The Ministry Shop is slowly taking on a "new look", or perhaps more properly an "old look" as the process of restoration continues. The cellar was repointed about two years ago and a new drain put in. This year the walls of the living rooms have been cleaned down and painted a flat white. The restoration of the woodwork to its original appearance will be attempted in the spring. The cleaning and refinishing of the walls and woodwork is a gift of Mr. Roswell Carr of Yarmouth, a brother of Sister Frances Carr.

New water pipes have been laid from our artesian well to the Office and from the large well in the dooryard to the Laundry. Both changes have been needed for some time and it is with deep appreciation that the sisters thank Brother Delmer for this, his latest attempt to improve the home. At 88 years he planned and fully directed this work. Though frail in body, his mind and heart are as alive and interested in progress and improvement as they ever were.

Recent visitors to Shaker Village have included Sister Mary Dahm of the Hancock Shakers and Dr. Daniel Patterson of the Department of English, the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, who spent a week in our library studying our manuscript collection as part of his extensive research in the field of Shaker music.

SR. R. MILDRED BARKER, CORRESPONDENT

As the result of an August visit by Eldress Gertrude Soule and Sister Mildred Barker of the Sabbathday Lake Shakers to Hancock's Shaker Community, Inc., that foundation has gained possession of a Shaker Meeting House—a treasure for which they had long sought. In conversation with Edward Deming Andrews, the restoration's Curator, the sisters mentioned the fact that the Meeting House of the Shirley Shakers was still in existence. On the site of the Industrial School for Boys, a unit of the Commonwealth's Department of Correction, the Meeting House was built by Moses Johnson of Enfield, New Hampshire about 1798.

Through the interest of Governor John Volpe the Meeting House was declared surplus property by the State Purchasing Agent and made available to the non-profit Hancock group "with no money involved." Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Sanborn and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Weyerhauser have generously made it possible for the Meeting House to be moved from Shirley to Hancock where it will be situated on the site of the original 1792 Hancock structure — on the north side of Route 20 next to the Ministry Shop. It is estimated that thirty working days will be necessary to dismantle and move the building (in nine sections), and fourteen working days to re-erect it. Present plans call for completion of the work before Christmas.

Many of our New England readers will be interested in the Fall and Early Winter schedule of illustrated Shaker lectures given by Mr. Charles Thompson of Canterbury, New Hampshire:

Nov. 1, Rockland Woman's Club, 439 Union St., Rockland, Mass., 2:30 P.M.; Nov. 1, Westford Library, Westford, Mass., 8:00 P.M.; Nov. 2, Mapleshade School, 175 Mapleshade Ave., Longmeadow, Mass., 8:00 P.M.; Nov. 8, Congregational Church, Farmington, N. H., 2:00 P.M.; Nov. 10, Manchester National Bank, Community Room, Optimist Club, Manchester, N.H.; Nov. 14, Ladies' Library Association, Randolph, Mass., 2:00 P.M.; Nov. 14, Minute Man Crafts of Massachusetts, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., 7:45 P.M.; Nov. 18, Pittsfield Woman's Club, Carpenter Library, Pittsfield, N.H., 2:30 P.M.; Nov. 20, Maplewood New Century Club, Pythian Hall, Salem St., Malden, Mass., 2:30 P.M.; Nov. 21 College Woman's Club, Currier Gallery of Art, Manchester, N.H., 2:00 P.M.

Dec. 6, Fornightly Club, Library, Library St., Hudson, N.H., 8:00 P.M.; Dec. 13, Hollis Woman's Club, Congregational Church, Hollis, N.H., 8:00 P.M.; Dec. 19, Tuesday Literary Club, 114 Washington Ave., Cambridge, Mass., 2:30 P.M.

Jan. 2, 1962, Bright Helmstone Club, 541 Cambridge St., Allston, Mass., 2:00 P.M.; Jan. 4, Second Congregational Church, Conant St., North Beverly, Mass., 7:30 P.M.; Jan. 8, Emerson School P.T.A., Emerson School, High & Pettee Sts., Newton Upper Falls, Mass., 8:00 P.M.; Jan. 9, Berlin Tuesday Club, Berlin, Mass., 2:30 P.M.; Jan. 11, Woman's Club, Unitarian Parish House, Central St., East Bridgewater, Mass., 2:30 P.M.; Jan. 15, Woman's Club, Community House, Broadway, Rockport, Mass., 2:00 P.M.; Jan. 17, Critton League, Robbins Memorial Library, Arlington, Mass., 1:30 P.M.; Jan. 18, Woman's Club, Methodist Church, Church St., Wilmington, Mass., 1:30 P.M.; and Jan. 23, Union Congregational Church, Norman Avenue, Magnolia, Mass., 8:00 P.M.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Long acquainted with the town of Enfield, New Hampshire where she spent her childhood summers Marguerite Fellows Melcher is well qualified to write of the Shaker community which existed within its borders for over one hundred twenty-five years. A graduate of Smith College Mrs. Melcher is the author of *The Shaker Adventure* as well as over thirty plays including one of Shaker interest. Her Quarterly contribution appeared in its original form as a study for Enfield's Bicentennial in the *Enfield Advocate* for June 15, 1961.

Mary Lou Conlin of Cleveland Heights, Ohio is familiar to many Quarterly readers as the author of *The North Union Story* published earlier this year by the Shaker Historical Society. An alumna of the University of Nebraska and Western Reserve University, Mrs. Conlin is the mother of two children and a free-lance journalist widely known in Ohio for her frequent contributions to local newspapers.

THE "TOTAL ARCHITECTURE" OF THE SHAKERS

Following the American Revolution, when American buildings were being constructed in the succeeding styles called Federal, and Greek, Roman and Gothic Revival, the Shakers were raising simple, unornamented, utilitarian buildings which were of no particular style or beauty of design. From this once divergent position, however, the Shakers have now found a place in the mainstream of architectural history. Shaker building innovations and devices — such as built-in drawers and cupboards, removable windows, built-in ovens — are seen in contemporary construction and the Shaker religious dictates which influenced their building practices now appear, with startling similarity, as concepts of present architectural theory. There is a particularly interesting comparison to be made between the past architectural achievement of the Shakers and the present theory of Dr. Walter Gropius, the founder and former Director of the Bauhaus in Germany, the former Chairman of the Department of Architecture of Harvard's Graduate School of Design, and now the head of The Architects' Collaborative.

Stated simply, what Gropius seeks is order and planning instead of the chaos of style that is characteristic of our building efforts and planning. "The flow of continuous growth, the change in expression in accordance with the changes of our life is what matters in our design work, not the hunt after formalistic 'style' features," states Dr. Gropius in his *Scope of Total Architecture*. Instead of aiming at being different, he suggests the development of architectural forms which could be utilized, with regional variations for climatic and other

necessary conditions, throughout our society. From segmental planning, an architectural synthesis for our society would thus be produced; a "total architecture" as Gropius terms it, with resultant stability and expression of a cultural entity.

To establish the aims for these architectural forms, he suggests community experiments in living. Such experiments would provide an analysis of living essentials which could then be developed through the collaboration of individuals directed toward the form expression of the common goal. While Gropius states that we would have to go back to the Middle Ages and the building guilds to find an example of such collaboration, a knowledge of Shaker planning and building shows just such a collaboration.

When the Shakers raised their first meeting house at New Lebanon, in 1785, the members who were able cooperated in its construction under the direction of Moses Johnson. It is one of the rare instances of individual recognition being given when a Shaker journal notes:

"Moses Johnson was a resident of Enfield. He accepted the faith of Believers and with his family entered the Society. On going to New Lebanon they gave him the charge of framing and building their house of worship. He was then sent to Canterbury and built the church at that place and subsequently built the church at Enfield."

While the dictates of the Society were not then as clearly defined as they would become under the influence of Joseph Meacham and the establishment of the Millennial Laws, this first building provided separate doors for the Brothers and Sisters and an interior area that was relatively free of interference to the dances of the Shaker worship. The duplication of this gambrel-roofed building at other colonies attests to the general success of the planning involved, but at New Lebanon, where a rapid growth in membership took place, a larger meeting house had to be provided.

This second meeting house, with its unusual arched roof, was the result of more than two years of planning

and cooperation throughout the colonies. In March, 1822, the New Lebanon records note that:

"It having been concluded to build a new meeting house 80 ft. x 65 ft. with a wing or porch on the south end for the accommodation of the ministry, the brethren are engaged in providing timber and other materials for that purpose."

In addition to money and materials from the other colonies, labor was provided as noted in the records:

"Began to raise new meeting house — most of the able-bodied brethren in the society attended and upward of 20 from Harvard and Tyringham. Many of the world attended as spectators, but were very civil and a number of them attested in the work. Raising was completed on Friday, 6th, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon."

"Henry Bennet come to work on the meeting house — works for 10 days."

"Jonas Nutting here to work on meeting house."

"4 joiners from Watervliet to work on meeting house."

While we would like to know, for instance, who was responsible for the advanced principle of the hung ceiling that is used in this meeting house, the records do not tell us. Nor is there mention of an individual who was directing or coordinating the work on this building. The meeting house stands as a testimonial to Shaker cooperation and to the Millennial Law rule:

"No one should write or print his name on any article of manufacture that others may hereafter know the work of his hands."

The growth of the New Lebanon colony necessitated other changes in the buildings and the frequent notations in the records to roof changes would indicate that the earliest buildings were generally of the steep or gambrel-roofed type, of Dutch influence, that were present in the Hudson River area at this period. With modification of the roof, these early buildings became no "style," but Shaker style. Rectangular in form, the buildings were equipped, when used by both sexes, with two doorways and two stairways which provided, without actual physical barrier, a reminder of the separation of the sexes. Even though there are instances of "stylized" buildings in the colonies, it was this basic building form which was utilized throughout the Society, being modified as to size, when necessary, and

being constructed in materials either indigenous or suitable to the various regions. This same care in planning was extended to the layout of the Shaker village and the plan was then repeated, as far as practicable, in the various colonies.

Dr. Gropius says, "The two opposites — individual variety, and a common denominator expressed by creating form symbols of human fellowship — need to be reconciled to each other." This appears to be what was achieved when the Shakers — through the diverse minds and abilities of their members, unified in the common denominator of their religion, in a community experiment in living — created form symbols (a "total architecture") expressive of the human fellowship of their culture.

While we can call the Shakers "functionalists" in the sense that they built according to their use, the functionalism theory, as developed by Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright, has points of disagreement and does not fully explain the Shaker viewpoint. Both Sullivan and Wright conceived of a building as an expression of the creativity of the architect; a viewpoint definitely not shared by the Shakers, as the rare instances of architectural recognition point out. Also, Sullivan and Wright felt that ornament was an extension of the artistic expression of a building. One has only to compare the ornament on the ground floor of Sullivan's Schlesinger Building (now the Carson-Pirie-Scott Co. in Chicago), or the repeated motifs of Wright in any of his buildings, with the almost constant absence of ornament on Shaker buildings to verify the opposition on this point.

If we choose to invade "artistic theory on primitive expedient," as Horatio Greenough, the author of *Form and Function*, would term it, we must again turn to Gropius for similarity of theories. Not only are their aims the same (the Shakers for a perfect society and Gropius for a cultural entity), but so are their means.

Dr. Gropius refers to the intent of the architect to create "a memorial to his genius" as the "cult of the ego." He maintains that this attitude has put off the development of an architectural expression of our time by some fifty years. And as for ornament, he asserts that "'beauty' . . . should be ensured by good, well-finished materials and lucid, simple design, not by added-on decorations and profiles alien to their (the buildings') structural or material properties."

No discussion of the ideas of Dr. Gropius should omit reference to the role of the machine, but here, again, we find his position no different from that of the Shakers. Dr. Gropius says, in speaking of the studies undertaken at the Bauhaus, that "The machine and the new potentialities of science were of greatest interest to us, but the emphasis was not so much on the machine itself as on better use of the machine and science in the service of human life." While we think of the Shakers as handcrafters, in terms of the technology of their time, they were machine-minded and the many inventions and devices which they created to improve their lives attest to this fact. They were not without machines, driven by water power, foot power, and later by electricity, which they utilized: a tongue and groove machine; a traveling saw; a planer; woodworking lathes.

As the formulator of the twentieth century architectural style which has been termed (despite his dislike for the term) the International Style, Dr. Gropius is the exponent of an esthetic philosophy intended to embrace painting, sculpture, and the applied arts, as well as architecture. The application of the philosophy depends not on our inability to define the essentials, for Dr. Gropius says, "The essentials for wholesome life are, in addition to adequate food and warmth: light, air and elbow room" but rather, on our need for 'a clarification as to what exactly our spiritual and intellectual aims are.'

It should not be surprising to Dr. Gropius to consider that a unification of essentials with spiritual and intellectual aims was achieved by the Shakers in the name of religion, for he discusses the fact that Leo Tolstoy thought religion would establish "that final direction" which would make all else fall into place "almost automatically" and he asks, "Well, if it isn't that, what is it?"

With this appearance of Shaker concepts in twentieth century esthetic philosophy, still another Shaker past achievement is added to the list of those things that have been re-expressed in the present. And it now seems appropriate to quote the words of one of the Shaker Sisters:

"The principles and ideals which the Shakers were first to expound have gone out into the world and, like a pebble dropped into the water, we cannot measure the distance of the influence they have borne . . ."

Mary Lou Conlin

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East Family Dwelling House, 1817, Pleasant Hill, Kentucky.



The Meeting House at Whitewater, Ohio, built in 1827. The remaining Whitewater buildings are located at New Haven, Ohio. They are all privately owned. The Meeting House is used by the farmer-owner for grain storage and for rental (the upper rooms have been remodelled into an apartment). The farmer lives next door in another Shaker building which still has the old bell tower on the roof.

SHAKER LITERATURE

The attention of our readers is called to the fact that the following rare and out-of-print publications of the United Society may now be obtained through the office of The Quarterly at the following prices:

Avery, Giles B., Sketches of "Shakers and Shakerism", Albany, 1883. (MacLean 133) \$6.50.

Bates, Paulina, The Divine Book of Holy and Eternal Wisdom, Canterbury, 1849. (MacLean 5) \$17.50.

Blinn, Henry C., The Life and Gospel Experience of Mother Ann Lee, Canterbury, 1886. (MacLean 146) \$2.00.

Dibble, Chancey, United Inheritance, Canterbury, n.d. (MacLean 211) \$3.75.

Green, Calvin, A. Brief Exposition of the Principles and Regulations of the United Society, Canterbury, 1895. (MacLean 156) \$4.75.

Hollister, Alonzo G., Christ the Harvester, Mt. Lebanon, n.d. (MacLean 329) \$2.50.

Shaker Medicinal Spring Water, Boston, n.d., \$3.00.

Youngs, Benjamin S., Testimony of Christ's Second Appearing, Albany, 1856. (MacLean 104) \$15.00.

The supply of each item is extremely limited. All orders will be filled in the order in which they are received. All remittances should be made payable to the United Society. Further inquiries in regard to Shaker literature are invited and will receive our prompt attention.

